



BE QUIET.

A New Song, sung at the
Apollo Gardens.

SURE never girl was plagu'd as I,
This soldier drives me mad,
Since to the town he first came nigh,
Peace not an hour I've had;
The rogue is comely I confess,
Unjust 'twere to deny it,
But such a teasing toad, he won't,
Say what one will, be quiet.

If cause I'd shun him, with my wheel
Behind a hedge I creep
Or 'mong the trees myself conceal,
Within the vallies deep;
The hound is sure to smell me out,
So tis little use to fly it,
And then I'm hugg'd and kiss'd to death,
And he laughs if I cry be quiet.

And ev'n and 'neath his reverence eye,
'At church he's most as bad,
Sure never girl was plagu'd as I,
'Drat him he'll drive me mad;
And worse and worse he daily grows,
Nor heeds my crying he on't,
So let him hug and kiss 'till he's tir'd,
And then he'll sure be quiet.

